VOL. I.] LITERARY TABLET. [No. VIII.

HANOVER, NOV. 10, 1803.

HINDU PHILOSOPHER.

BELOVED EL HASSAN,

HAVING devoted my two laſt epiſtles to a conſideration of American poetry, I cannot reſiſt the impulſe, which I feel, to exhibit ſome ſpecimens from the volumes of Hindu poetry; that by a compariſon thou mayeſt be able to judge of the propriety of the ſentiments, which I have exhibited upon this ſubject.

The following addreſs to the Goddeſs SERASWATY, the patroneſs of imagination, and invention, of harmony and eloquence, and the wife of the God BRUMMA, abounds with beautiful imagery, and exquiſite harmony of numbers.

"Sweet grace of Brumma's bed!
Thou, when thy glorious Lord
Bade airy nothing breathe and bleſs his power,
Sat'ſt with illumin'd head,
And in ſublime accord
Seven ſprightly notes to hail the auſpicious hour,
Led'ſt from their ſecret bower.

They drank the air; they came
With many a ſparkling glance,
And knit the mazy dance,
Like yon bright orbs, that gird the ſolar flame,
Now parted, now combined,
Clear, as thy ſpeech, and various, as thy mind.

Young paſſions at the ſound
In ſhadowy forms aroſe
O'er hearts, yet uncreated, ſure to reign;
Joy, that o'erleaps all bounds,
Grief, that in ſilence grows,
Hope, that with honey blends the cup of pain,
Pale fear, and ſtern diſdain,
Grim wrath's avenging hand,
Love nurſed in dimple ſmooth,
That every pang can ſooth.

Thee, her great parent, owns
All-ruling eloquence;
That, like full Ganga, pours her ſtream divine,
Alarming States and Thrones;
To fix the flying ſenſe
Of words, thy daughters, by the varied line,
(Stupendous art!) was thine;
Thine with the pointed reed,
To give primeval truth
Th' unfading bloom of youth,
And paint on deathleſs leaves high virtue's meed,
Fair ſcience, Heaven-born child,
And playful fancy on thy boſom ſmiled.

Who bids the fretted vene
Start from his deep repoſe,
And wakes to melody the quivering frame?
What youth, with godlike mein,
O'er his bright ſhoulder throws
The verdant gourd, that ſwells with ſtruggling flame,
Nared, immortal name!
He, like his potent fire,
Creative ſpreads around
The mighty world of ſound,
And calls from ſpeaking wood etherial fire;
While to th' accordant ſtrings
Of boundleſs heavens and heavenly deeds he ſings.

But look! the jocund hours
A lovlier ſcene diſplay,
Young *Hindol* ſportive in his golden ſwing,
High canopied with flowers,
While Ragnies ever gay
Toſs the light cordage, and in cadence ſing
The ſweet return of ſpring."

The perſonification of the "ſeven ſprightly notes," in the firſt verſe, is bold, picturesque and novel. "They drank the air," is extremely expreſſive of the influence, which muſical inſtruments, when played, have upon the ſurrounding atmoſphere. The introduction of theſe airy beings, into "the mazy dance," and the compariſon of them with "yon bright orbs, that gird the ſolar flame," is a very happy mode of deſcribing the apparent intricacy, but perfect harmony and regularity of fine muſic. The power, which muſic has to excite every paſſion, is finely deſcribed in the third verſe, where the "young paſſions are repreſented, as ſtarting into being "at the ſound." Their perpetual empire "o'er hearts yet uncreated," is elegantly told in a ſingle line.—What can be more conciſe, and yet more glowing, than the deſcription of the paſſions?

"Hope that with honey blends the cup of pain:"
"Love nurſed in dimple ſmooth,
"That every pang can ſooth."

The compariſon of eloquence:

"That, like full Ganga, pours her ſtream divine,
"Alarming ſtates and thrones,"

is in the higheſt degree noble and dignified.

The Invention of Letters is finely deſcribed in the fourth verſe. The fifth exhibits, with all the charms of varied numbers and appropriate imagery, the powers of Nared, in inſtrumental and vocal muſic.

"He like his potent fire
"Creative, ſpreads around
"The mighty world of ſound,
"And calls from ſpeaking wood etherial fire:"

The laſt verſe is animated with the higheſt powers of perſonification. The *Ragnies*, or female paſſions, are repreſented with great propriety, as being "ever gay," and ſinging in cadence the ſweet return of ſpring."

The hymn, a part of which I am now about to tranſcribe, addreſſed to *Narayna*, or the ſpirit of God, unites Aſiatic beauty with European ſublimity.

"Spirit of ſpirits, who through every part
Of ſpace expanded, and of endleſs time,
Beyond the reach of lab'ring thought ſublime,
Bad'ſt uproar into beauteous order ſtart,
Before Heaven was, thou art.

Ere ſpheres beneath us roll'd, or ſpheres above,
Ere earth in firmamental æther hung,
Thou ſat'ſt alone, till thro' thy myſtic love
Things unexiſting to exiſtence ſprung
And grateful deſcant ſung.

Omniſcient ſpirit, whoſe all-ruling power
Bids from each ſenſe bright emanations beam,
Glows in the rainbow, ſparkles in the ſtream,
Smiles in the bud, and gliſtens in the flower,
That crowns each vernal bower,
Sighs in the gale, and warbles in the throat
Of every bird, that hails the bloomy ſpring,
Or tells his love in many a liquid note,
Whilſt envious artiſts touch the rival ſtring,
Till rocks and foreſts ring;
Breathes in rich fragrance from the Sandal grove,
Or where the precious Muſk Deer playful rove,
In dulcet juice, from cluſt'ring fruit diſtils,
And burns ſalubrious in the taſteful clove:
Soft banks and verduous hills
Thy preſent influence fills;
In air, in floods, in caverns, hills and plains,
Thy will inſpirits all, thy ſovereign Mava reigns.

Blue chryſtal vault and elemental fires,
That in the ætherial fluid blaze, and breathe;
Thou toſſing main, whoſe ſnaky branches wreathe
This penſile orb, with intertwiſting gyres;
Mountains, whoſe lofty ſpires,
Preſumptuous, rear their ſummits to the ſkies,
And blend their em'rald hue with ſapphire light.
Smooth meads and lawns, that glow with varying dyes
Of dew-beſpangled leaves and bloſſoms bright,
Hence! vaniſh from my ſight,
Deluſive pictures! unſubſtantial ſhows!
My ſoul abſorb'd, one only being knows,
Of all perceptions one abundant ſource,
Whence every object, every moment flows:
Suns hence derive their force,
Hence planets learn their courſe;
But ſuns and fading worlds I view no more;
GOD only I perceive; GOD only I adore.

To point out all the beauties of the Poem, from which theſe ſtanzas are extracted, it would be neceſſary to deſcant upon every line; for very rarely, I believe, has it been exceeded, either in glowing and exceſſive beauty, or amazing ſublimity. Thou ſeeſt, my dear El Haſſan, that the ſpirit of Hindu poetry, has not ceaſed to animate the breaſt of thy moſt faithful friend.

From EDGEWORTH's *Practical Education.*

TOYS.

A LITTLE girl, at her baby tea-table, is pleaſed with the notion that ſhe is like her mamma; and, before ſhe can have any ideas of the real pleaſures of converſation and ſociety, ſhe is confirmed in the perſuaſion, that tattling and viſiting are ſome of the moſt enviable privileges of grown people; a ſet of beings whom ſhe believes to be in poſſeſſion of all the ſweets of happineſs.

Dolls, beſide the preſcriptive right of ancient uſage, can boaſt of ſuch an amiable champion in Rouſſeau, that it requires no common ſhare of temerity to attack them. As far as they are the means of inſpiring girls with a taſte for neatneſs in dreſs, and with a deſire to make thoſe things for themſelves, for which women are uſually dependent upon milliners, we muſt acknowledge their utility; but a watchful eye ſhould be kept upon the child, to mark the firſt ſymptoms of a love of finery and faſhion. It is a ſenſible remark of a late female writer, that whilſt young people work, the mind will follow the hands, the thoughts are occupied with trifles, and the induſtry is ſtimulated by vanity.

Our objections to dolls are offered with great ſubmiſſion and due heſitation. With more confidence we may venture to attack baby-houſes; an unfurniſhed baby-houſe might be a good toy, as it would employ little carpenters and ſeamſtreſſes to fit it up; but a completely furniſhed baby-houſe proves as tireſome to a child, as a finiſhed ſeat is to a young nobleman. After peeping, for in general only a peep can be had into each apartment, after being thoroughly ſatisfied that nothing is wanting, and that conſequently there is nothing to be done, the young lady lays her doll upon the ſtate bed, if the doll be not twice as large as the bed, and falls faſt aſleep in the midſt of her felicity.

Before dolls, baby-houſes, coaches, and cups and ſaucers, there comes a ſet of toys, which are made to imitate the actions of men and women, and the notes or noiſes of birds and beaſts. Many of theſe are ingenious in their conſtruction, and happy in their effect, but that effect unfortunately is tranſitory. When the wooden woman has churned her hour in her empty churn; when the ſtiff backed man has hammered or ſawed till his arms are broken, or till his employer is tired; when the gilt lamb had ba-ad, the obſtinate pig ſqueaked, and the provoking cuckoo cried cuck-oo, till no one in the houſe can endure the noiſe; what remains to be done?—Woe betide the unlucky little philoſopher, who ſhou'd think of enquiring why the woman churned, or how the bird cried cuckoo; for it is ten to one that in proſecuting ſuch an enquiry, juſt when he is upon the eve of diſcovery, he ſnaps the wire, or perforates the bellows, and there enſue "a death-like "ſilence, and a dread repoſe."

The grief which is felt for ſpoiling a new plaything might be borne, if it were not increaſed, as it commonly is, by the reproaches of friends; much kind eloquence, upon theſe occaſions, is frequently diſplayed, to bring the ſufferer to a proper ſenſe of his folly, till in due time the contrite corners of his mouth are drawn down, his wide eyes fill with tears, and, without knowing

what he means, he promiſes never to be ſo ſilly any more. The future ſafety of his worthleſs playthings is thus purchaſed at the expenſe of his underſtanding, perhaps of his integrity; for children ſeldom ſcrupulouſly adhere to promiſes, which they have made to eſcape from impending puniſhment.

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CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

AS Chriſtians without charity, chriſtianity cannot poſſibly ſubſiſt. A ſociety, the individuals of which do not love each other, cannot be a ſociety of the diſciples of Jeſus Chriſt. Tell me not of your paſſing whole days and nights in meditation and reading the ſcriptures; of your uninterrupted aſſiduity in exerciſes of devotion; of your fervor and frequent attendance at the table of the Lord. The queſtion ſtill recurs—Where is thy charity? Loveſt thou thy neighbour? Makeſt thou his intereſt thy own? Is his proſperity a ſource of ſatisfaction to thee? Canſt thou bear with and overlook his infirmities? Doſt thou reſpect and commend his virtues? Doſt thou defend his reputation? Doſt thou labour to promote his ſalvation? Such queſtions are ſo many teſts to aſſiſt us in attaining the knowledge of ourſelves; ſo many articles of condemnation to multitudes who bear the chriſtian name. Of charity, alas, little more is known than the name, and the whole amount of the practice of it is reduced to a few of the functions altogether inſeparable from humanity. When a man has given away a ſmall portion of his ſuperfluity to relieve the poor; when he has beſtowed a morſel of bread to a ſtarving wretch; when he has covered thoſe ſhivering limbs from the inclemency of the air, he conſiders himſelf as having ſatisfied the demands of charity, he founds, ſhall I venture to ſay it, he founds on this ſyſtem of love, a title to warrant his indifference, his vengeance, his hatred. He backbites without controul, he calumniates without heſitation, he plunges the dagger without remorſe, he pines at the proſperity of another, and his neighbour's glory clothes him with ſhame. [*Beauties of Saurin.*]

ON HUMAN HAPPINESS.

HAPPINESS was the end and deſign of all creation, and the love of it is implanted in every mind, not to be extinguiſhed.—Man may looſe his happineſs; but cannot looſe his thirſt for it: that deſire not ſatisfied is what we call miſery. As ſoon as we ſtep into the world, we are ſaluted with groans and lamentations, and we hear but little elſe till we get out of it. From the man who ſways the ſceptre to him who ſerves at the gate, every one has a mournful tale to tell; they vary in particulars; but unite in the diſmal, and form ſuch a din that the voice of reaſon is ſeldom heard, and the bleſſings of Heaven, although poured down, in one ceaſeleſs ſhower cannot ſtop the cry of complaint. Ignorance, ingratitude and profuſeneſs are the parents of this great evil under the ſun.

The great error of mankind conſiſts in attempting to ſeparate what Heaven has united, their duty and happineſs; they will not do their duty and therefore cannot be happy; and under continual diſappointments, they continually groan.

The voice of wiſdom cries in the ear of reaſon—man be wiſe—honour thy Maker as thy ſupreme delight—imitate him in univerſal beneficence—ſpread your influence to promote human felicity to the moſt extended circle—pleaſure ſhall then ſpring up in thy mind to ſweeten all the ſcenes of life, and be a fountain of delight forever. He who will not hear and obey muſt be unhappy—he may ride in the chariot of power—poſſeſs mountains of wealth, be dandled in the lap of ſmiling fortune, and lean his head on her downy pillow and yet be wretched, never enjoy, even in idea, one moment of pleaſure truly ſublime, ſuch as touches the noble ſoul.

Common complaint conveys an idea, not much to the honor of him who utters it; it proclaims the abſence of virtue, and is often but little better than blaſphemy, carrying in it a reflection upon infinite wiſdom, and is alway deſtitute of that ſupreme gratitude which ſhould animate the human mind to breathe nothing but the incenſe of praiſe.

Man's felicity conſiſts not in eaſe, but in action; not in preſent enjoyment but in noble purſuit.—Our deſires are unbounded and cannot be ſatisfied with limited pleaſures, therefore we ſhould purſue infinite good. The moſt exquiſite pleaſure ariſes from beneficence—to communicate happineſs gives pleaſure to the eternal mind; and in this divine channel all rational beings muſt receive theirs—ſuch purſuits enlarge, poliſh and ennoble the mind, while it enriches the whole ſcale of beings in its benevolent arms, and burns with a generous ardor to ſpread virtue and happineſs round the world. Noble deeds are immortal; they do not die with the day, nor expire by accident or time; but travel through life, and feaſt the ſoul through every viciſſitude of fortune with unfailing and ſolid joy. This diſſipates the gloom of anxiety, which clouds contracted hearts; baniſhes the inſipidity of vulgar minds who are buſied in low ſcenes and confined to the narrow circle of ſelf, and lights up the ſoul with the gaiety and ſunſhine of true felicity; and this fortifies it againſt every adverſe incident in life——Like Britain's floating caſtles, it rides out every ſtorm and enters the fair haven. While little barks are buried with the ſurf and die beneath the waves, the lofty ſhip feels a propitious gale which wafts her to the port: Thus the noble mind ſails over the ſea of time; and life is one golden ſtream, calm as the night and bright as the day, growing in pleaſure and ſhining with brighter beams, until rolling years wind up the human ſcene, and Heaven opens to the mind conſummate day.

—c^o—

Weakneſs of Infidelity and Strength of Religion.

WHEN we conſider the proceſſes in nature, from the moſt obvious effects to their moſt remote cauſes, ſo far as they fall within the ſcope of our apprehenſion, we find them one produced from the other in the moſt wonderful and regular ſucceſſion; that which appears the cauſe of one thing being the effect of another, and the whole together and each individual dependent in themſelves, incapable of producing any thing except as acted upon by others; all ſpeaking the ſame language; an incapacity, an abſolute inability in themſelves of doing or cauſing any thing, and pointing us to a cauſe diſtinct from all, an intelligent, active, powerful Being, who employs them for wiſe and gracious purpoſes.

Thus, a little attention to the nature of religion will ſoon convince us, that infidelity and irreligion afford very few topics, on which, even for a moment, a reflecting mind can dwell with pleaſure—We ſhall find that Infidels have not one argument on their ſide. For, with all their pretences to reaſon and wiſdom, they can no more ſhew us, that we are not immortal, than they can ſhew us what was doing before the creation of the world. In ſuppoſing that the whole of man's exiſtence ends with the body, they are as well ſupported, as they would be, in ſuppoſing that there are no beings but what are viſible to our eyes. In ſuppoſing that man will never be called to an account, they have no more reaſon, than we can have for ſuppoſing, that there will be nothing a thouſand years hence.

Yet theſe are the ſtrong foundations of infidelity and profaneneſs; theſe are the ſolid principles of our *ſoi-diſant* philoſophers and their deluded followers.

If we enquire into the characters of the moſt noted infidels, we ſhall find them to have been men who exceeded their fellow creatures in nothing but arrogance and preſumption, and that infidelity in general is founded on an implicit faith in the writings and opinions of men of wanton and ſenſual minds. Yet theſe are the men who call our faith mean, and ſubmiſſion to revelation ſlavery, though yielded only to the higheſt evidence on matters of the greateſt moment.

Theſe men are very forward to tell us preciſely what God can or cannot do; he cannot work a miracle, cannot give a revelation, cannot guide the motions of a free agent, nor make ſuch a one impeccable, nor annex rewards to an aſſent of the mind, nor, &c. &c. For all theſe are contrary to the nature of things. If we aſk what things they mean, or what by the nature of them, they will not vouchſafe, or rather cannot give an explanation, but are angry with us as captious perſons for putting the queſtion. They ſtill, however, go on to lay a mighty ſtreſs upon theſe words, without having any ideas or ſettled idea of their import. Theſe men are ſevere upon others for uſing expreſſions they do not underſtand. But, we ſhall conſtantly find them pretending to build demonſtrations upon principles, whereof they have no clearer, nor more adequate ideas, than the vulgar, whom they affect to ridicule, have of their myſteries; and we ſhall find them always endeavoring to make a conſtant repetition of poſitive aſſertions paſs for proof and explanation.

They wiſh to be conſidered as unbelievers, but on examination we ſhall find them men of the moſt reſigned and implicit faith. The creed of the infidel has as many articles as that of the chriſtian, and the belief thereof requires a much greater ſuſpenſion of our reaſon. If to believe things upon no authority, or without any reaſon, be a ſign or mark of credulity; of all men, the freethinker and infidel will be found to be the moſt eaſy and credulous.

The difference between the chriſtian and the deiſt, does not conſiſt in this, that the one aſſents to things unknown, and the other does not; but in this, that the chriſtian aſſents to things unknown, on the account of evidence; the other aſſents to things unknown, without any evidence at all. H.

FOR THE TABLET.

ALL things are ſurely ſubject to decay!
Alas! how painful, yet ſublime, the thought,
That man muſt die! that man, who thinks himſelf
The ſovereign monarch of this lower world,
Should crumble into duſt; and there ſhould lie
A prey for worms! mean earthlings like himſelf.
But tho' the thought may cauſe a chilling thrill
Of horror, at which we ſhrink and ſtartle,
As from a ghoſt, at night, when earth's involv'd
In clouds of darkneſs, and obſcureſt gloom;
Yet 'tis commendable in man to think
Of this, yea, what is more lamentable,
To meditate the riſe and fall of empires,
Which, once the terror of one half the globe,
Lie mouldering in their ruins; now ſpent
The force that once laid waſte and ravaged
With fire, and ſword, and more than ſavage fury
Earth's faireſt climes; or elſe weak, impotent,
Are now the ſlaves of their ambitious neighbors.
As ancient Rome, whoſe hardy, vet'ran troops,
Briſtling with arms, once ſtruck the world with awe,
When pouring forth on Aſia revolting,
Or marching in battalia, triumphant,
Gave law to vanquiſh'd Africa and Europe;
But now alas! how fallen, how debas'd,
Stooping in ſervitude to haughty Gaul,
She forges her own chains; now unworthy
The ſacred love of liberty and country.

Another ſcene, more awful, more ſublime,
Awaits mankind, which, replete with horror
Will burſt upon the view; when this vaſt globe,
(How awful and majeſtic is the thought)
Involv'd in crackling flames, blazing tremendous,
"Shall melt with fervent heat;" when earth and ſea
And heaven, in bright, terrific grandeur,
With horrid, jarring craſh ſhall paſs away,
And man be call'd before his righteous Judge!

A. Z.

THE MARCHIONESS DE GANGE.

[*Continued from No.* VII.]

MADAME de Gange, who found it neceſſary to keep her bed all day, invited ſeveral ladies of the neighborhood to come and paſs the afternoon with her, and, though ſhe was not quite well, ſhe never appeared more intereſting or entertaining. The abbe and the chevalier, who were admitted to join the party, ſeemed unuſually abſent and melancholy, particularly the chevalier, whom the marchioneſs laughingly attacked on his abſence of mind, and at length obliged him to return her railliery. The abbe, though he alſo ſeemed much more reſerved than uſual, failed not to enliven the converſation by ſome of thoſe agreeable ſallies, for which he was ſo remarkable. But ſtill there was in the behaviour of them both, ſomething that the company remarked as extraordinary. Neither of them partook of a collation that was ſerved up to the ladies, of which madame de Gange not only did the honours with her uſual graceful eaſe, but alſo eat heartily. When it was over, the ladies took their leave; the abbe attended them to the door, but the chevalier remained ſitting by the bedſide, buried in thought, and with a countenance ſo gloomy, as very much puzzled the marchioneſs, who knew, not how to account for it. The dreadful myſtery was ſoon cleared up, on the return of the abbe into the room. She ſaw him enter in about ten minutes, holding in one hand a piſtol; and in the other a glaſs filled with a black liquid. Fury and diſtraction was in his eyes; his hair ſeemed briſtled on his head, and his features were convulſed with paſſion. No deſcription can do juſtice to the terror his whole figure inſpired. He faſtened the door, and advancing ſome paces towards the bed where the affrighted marchioneſs lay, he ſtopped as if to contemplate his victim, and, fixing on her his glaring eyes, which ſeemed forced out of their ſockets by the rage that poſſeſſed him, he continued for above a minute to ſtand ſtaring on her with a petrifying look, as if to announce to her all the horrors of her fate!—On the other ſide of her appeared the chevalier; his countenance as expreſſive of the rage that conſumed him, as was his brothers, but the expreſſion was different, and when he drew his ſword, ſome faint hope aroſe in the marchioneſs, that he drew it to defend her; but ſhe did not long continue in that error. Theſe two wretches, with the hearts and intentions of demons, came cloſe to her bed, and the abbe, with a hollow, but determined voice, ſaid,—"Now, madam, you are to die—chooſe "whether it ſhall be by ſword, piſtol, or poiſon."—"To die!" exclaimed madame de Gange—"Good God! what have I done? how have I "deſerved this exceſs of cruelty? and why are "you to be my judge and executioner?"—Finding that remonſtrance ſeemed to aggravate his fury, ſhe addreſſed herſelf to the chevalier, and, turning to him her lovely eyes, ſhe cried—"Ah! my dear "brother, are you too armed againſt me? is it "poſſible you can have the heart to become my "murderer? and does all my kindneſs and re"gard for you deſerve no other return?" (She often lent him ſums of money of her own, and only a few days before given him a draught for five hundred livres.) But far from being ſoftened by this pathetic addreſs, it ſeemed to redouble his rage againſt her, and, with a countenance and voice yet more terrible, he cried, "Our reſolution is "taken, madam—you muſt die—chooſe therefore "the means, for we can heſitate no longer."—If the fact were not well authenticated, it could not be believed that two young men, on whom the beauty of madame de Gange had had ſuch an effect, ſhould now harden their hearts againſt her, pleading with all that beauty, and with the moſt moving remonſtrances, for her life, and determine to dip their hands in her blood: but ſo it was! and, while the abbe held the piſtol to her head, and the chevalier his ſword to her heart, ſhe took out of the abbe's other hand the poiſon, and finding, there was no remedy, ſwallowed it. The nature of it was ſo corroſive, that ſome of it falling on her breaſt turned the ſkin quite black, and her lips were alſo burnt and parched by drinking it. Not content with having made her ſwallow the liquid, the chevalier took a ſilver bodkin, and collecting the dregs, that remained on the ſides and at the bottom of the glaſs, he put them on its edge, and inſiſted on her ſwallowing that alſo, uſing expreſſions of indecency and brutality, which imbittered his cruelty. The unhappy marchioneſs obeyed; but though ſhe took this laſt deſtructive mixture into her mouth, ſhe did not ſwallow it, but held it there till ſhe had an opportunity, unperceived, to conceal it in the bed-clothes. But, as ſhe had now ſwallowed more than enough to deſtroy her, ſhe exclaimed, in a voice of the moſt piercing anguiſh, "My death is now inevitable; "in the name of God, then, I implore you to "have mercy on my ſoul!—do not deprive me of "my exiſtence here and hereafter, but ſend me a "confeſſor, that I may die like a chriſtian."—They then went out, carefully ſecuring the door after them; and ſeeking the prieſt of the pariſh, who was entirely devoted to them, ordered him to confeſs madame de Gange.——It is aſtoniſhing, that in the midſt of ſuch a complication of horrors, madame de Gange ſtill poſſeſſed herſelf, that her preſence of mind did not for a moment forſake her, and that her reſolution and recollection enabled her to make ſtrong efforts (alas how fruitleſs!) to preſerve her life. No ſooner had the inhuman brothers ſhut the door, than ſhe determined to attempt her eſcape; and putting on a taffeta petticoat, the only garment ſhe had at hand, ſhe ran to the window of her chamber, which looked into the court-yard of the caſtle, to throw herſelf out of it, though it was twenty-two feet from the ground. At the inſtant that ſhe was about to precipitate herſelf from this height, the prieſt opened the door of her room, and ſeeing what ſhe was going to do, endeavoured to prevent her. Had ſhe thrown herſelf directly down, ſhe would probably have daſhed her head or her breaſt againſt the ſtones, but he ſnatched at her petticoat, and caught it with ſuch force, that a piece of it remained in his hand; and the turn this gave to her whole body, ſo broke her fall, that ſhe came to the ground with her feet firſt, which were terribly cut by the ſtones. The wicked prieſt, who was entirely devoted to the ſervice of the abbe and the chevalier, ſeeing ſhe had reached the ground without being materially hurt, threw at her a very heavy pitcher of water, which ſtood in the window next to that from whence ſhe had jumped; and which, if it had fallen on her head, muſt have certainly killed her; but it fell within two or three inches of her. The firſt thought that occurred to her, as ſoon as ſhe reached the ground, was to endeavour to diſcharge the poiſon that ſhe had ſwallowed: for this purpoſe ſhe took one of the treſſes of her long hair, and put it as far as ſhe could down her throat: the expedient ſucceeded, and ſhe brought up the noxious mixture, together with what ſhe had eaten, and then attempted to make her way out of the incloſure where ſhe was; but every door was faſtened. She then went towards the ſtables; they were ſhut alſo; and ſhe now deſpaired of eſcaping before her cruel aſſaſſins could reach her. At length ſhe ſaw a groom,—"Oh friend," cried ſhe, "ſave my life—I am poiſoned—let me go thro" "the ſtables, that I may receive help before it is "too late." The man, moved by her ſituation, took her in his arms, and carried her through his ſtables into the road, where he put her under the care of ſome women paſſing by.

[*To be continued.*]

[*Mrs. More commands a diſtinguiſhed rank on the catalogue of female worthies. She unites with a pure and chaſte ſtyle an extenſive knowledge of the human heart, and a thorough capacity to direct its vibrations. The following deſerves the attention of every female.*]

PROPRIETY is to a woman what the great Roman critic ſays action is to an orator: it is the firſt, the ſecond, the third requiſite. A woman may be knowing, active, witty, and amuſing; but without propriety ſhe cannot be amiable. Propriety is the centre in which all the lines of duty and agreeableneſs meet. It is to character what proportion is to figure, and grace to attitude. It does not depend on any one perfection; but it is the reſult of general excellence. It ſhows itſelf by a regular, orderly, undeviating courſe; and never ſtarts from its ſober orbit into any ſplendid eccentricities; for it would be aſhamed of ſuch praiſe as it might extort by any aberrations from its proper path. It renounces all commendation but what is characteriſtic; and I would make it the criterion of true taſte, right principle, and genuine feeling, in a woman, whether ſhe would be leſs touched with all the flattery of romantic and exaggerated panegyric, than with that beautiful picture of correct and elegant propriety, which Milton draws of our firſt mother, when he delineates

"Thoſe thouſand *decencies* which daily flow
From all her words and actions."

The following parody is ſocial and ſentimental.

JOHN ANDERSON MY JOE.

REVISED FROM BURNS.

JOHN Anderſon my Joe, John, when nature firſt began,
To try her canny hand, John, her maſter work was man;
And you aboon them a' John, ſae trig frae tap to toe,
You prov'd to be na journey-wark, John Anderſon my Joe.
And you aboon them a' John, ſae trig frae tap to toe,
You prov'd to be na journey-wark, John Anderſon my Joe.

John Anderſon my Joe, John, when firſt we were acquaint,
Your locks were like the ſloe John, your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is bald John, your locks are like the ſnow;
Yet bleſſings on your froſty pow, John Anderſon my Joe.
But now your brow, &c.

John Anderſon my Joe, John, what pleaſure 'tis to ſee
The young, the lovely brood, John, bred up 'twixt you and me;
And ilka lad and laſs, John, in our footſteps to go,
Juſt makes a heaven here on earth, John Anderſon my Joe.
And ilka lad and laſs, &c.

John Anderſon my Joe, John, fates up and down we've kent,
Yet aye, whate'er our lot, John, we with it were content;
And that's the beſt of gou'd, John, it frae us ne'er can go,
Though gear be ſcant, love, we'll ne'er want, John Anderſon my Joe.
And that's the beſt of gou'd, &c.

John Anderſon my Joe, John, life's hill we clam the gither,
And mony a canty day, John, we've had wi an anither;
But now we're tott'ring down, John, hand in hand we'll go,
And ſleep the gether at the fit, John Anderſon my Joe.
But now we're tott'ring down, &c.

John Anderſon my Joe, John, when we again awake,
Our bairns we'll collect John, and then our journey take;
For hearts devoid of guile, John, find friends where'er they go,
And ſeraphs bright ſhall guide us right, John Anderſon my Joe.
For hearts devoid of guile, &c.

THE MAGPIE.

A TALE.

LET others, with poetic fire,
In raptures praiſe the tuneful choir,
The Linnet, Chaffinch, Goldfinch, Thruſh,
And every warbler of the buſh ;
I ſing the mimic Magpie's fame,
In wicker cage well fed and tame.
In Fleet-ſtreet dwelt in days of yore
A jolly tradeſman, nam'd *Tom Moore.*
Gen'rous and open as the day,
But paſſionately fond of play,
No ſounds to him ſuch ſweets afford
As *dice-box* rattling o'er the board ;
Bewitching *hazard* is the game
For which he forfeits health and fame.
In *basket priſon* hung on high,
With dappled coat and watchful eye,
A fav'rite *Magpie* ſees the play,
And mimics ev'ry word they ſay :
Lord ! how he nicks as, Tom Moore cries,
Lord ! how he nicks us, Mag replies ;
Tom throws, and eyes the glitt'ring ſtore,
And as he throws, exclaims *Tom Moore !*
Tom Moore, the mimic bird replies ;
The aſtoniſh'd gameſters lift their eyes,
And wond'ring ſtare and look around,
As doubtful whence proceed the ſound.
This diſſipative life of courſe
Soon brought poor Tom from bad to worſe ;
Nor prayers nor promiſes prevail,
To keep him from a dreary jail.
And now between each heart-felt ſigh
Tom oft exclaims, *Bad company !*
Poor Mag, who ſhares his maſter's fate,
Exclaims from out his *wicker grate.*
" Bad company ! Bad company !"
Then views poor Tom with curious eye,
And cheers his maſter's wretched hours
By this diſplay of mimic pow'rs.
Th' impriſon'd bird, tho' much careſs'd,
Is ſtill by anxious cares oppreſs'd,
In ſilence mourns its cruel fate,
And oft explores his *priſon grate.*
Obſerve thro' life you'll always find
A *fell'ow feeling* makes us kind.
So Tom reſolves immediately
To give poor Mag his liberty ;
Then opes his cage, and with a ſigh
Takes one fond look, and lets him fly.
Now Mag, once more with freedom bleſs'd,
Looks round to find a place of reſt ;
To Temple Gardens wings his way,
There perches on a neighb'ring ſpray.
The gard'ner now with buſy cares
A curious ſeed for graſs prepares,
Yet, ſpite of all his toil and pain,
The hungry birds devour the grain.
A curious net he does prepare,
And lightly ſpreads the wily ſnare ;
The feather'd plund'rers come in view,
And Mag ſoon joins the *thieviſh crew.*
The watchful gard'ner now ſtands by,
With nimble hand and wary eye ;
The birds begin their ſtol'n repaſt,
The flying net ſecures them faſt.
The vengeful clown, now fill'd with ire,
Does to a neighb'ring ſhade retire,
And, having firſt ſecur'd the doors
And windows, next the net explores.
Now, in revenge for plunder'd ſeed,
Each felon he reſolves ſhall bleed,
Then twiſts their little necks around,
And caſts them breathleſs on the ground.
Mag, who with man was us'd to herd,
Knew ſomething more than common bird ;
He therefore watch'd with anxious care,
And ſlipt himſelf from out the ſnare,
Then, perch'd on nail remote from ground,
Obſerves how deaths are dealt around.
Lord ! how he nicks us, Maggy cries :
The aſtoniſh'd gard'ner lifts his eyes,
With fault'ring voice and panting breath,
Exclaims, " Who's there ?"—All ſtill as death.
His murd'rous work he does reſume,
And caſts his eye around the room
With caution, and at length does ſpy
The Magpie perch'd on nail ſo high !
The wond'ring clown, from what he heard,
Believes him ſomething more than *bird*,
With fear impreſs'd, does now retreat
Towards the door, with trembling feet ;
Then ſays—" Thy name I do implore ?"
The ready bird replies—" *Tom Moore.*"
" O Lord !" the frighten'd clown replies,
With hair erect and ſtaring eyes ;
Half-op'ning then the hovel door,
He aſk the bird one queſtion more :
" What brought you here ?"—With quick reply
Sly Mag rejoins—" *Bad company.*"
Out jumps the gard'ner in a fright,
And runs away with all his might ;
And as he runs, impreſs'd with dread,
Exclaims, " *The Devil's in the ſhed !*"
The wond'rous tale a Beneher hears,
And ſoothes the man, and quells his fears,
Gets Mag ſecur'd in *wicker* cage
Once more to ſpend his little rage :
In *Temple Hall* now hung on high,
Mag oft exclaims—" *Bad company !*"

PETER THE GREAT, OF RUSSIA.

It would far exceed the bounds preſcribed to this work, to give a ſummary detail of this prince's actions. I muſt content myſelf with giving a general view of his power, and the vaſt reformation he introduced into his dominions.

At a very early period he aſſociated himſelf with the Germans, for the ſake of their manufactures, which he introduced into his dominions ; and with the Dutch, for their ſkill in navigation, which he practiſed himſelf. His inclination for the arts was encouraged by his favorite Le Fort, a Piedmonteſe ; and Gen. Gordon, a Scotchman, diſciplined the Czar's own regiment, conſiſting of 5000 foreigners ; while Le Fort raiſed a regiment of 12,000, among whom he introduced the French and German exerciſes of arms, with a view of employing them in curbing the inſolence of the Strelitzes.

Peter, after this, began his travels ; leaving his military affairs in the hands of Gordon. He ſet out as an attendant upon his own ambaſſadors. His adventures in Holland and England, and other courts, are too numerous to be inſerted here.—By working as a common ſhip-carpenter, at Deptford and Saardam, he completed himſelf in ſhip building ; and through the excellent diſcipline introduced among his troops by the foreigners, he not only over-awed or cruſhed all civil inſurrections, but all his enemies on this ſide of Aſia ; and at laſt he even exterminated except two feeble regiments, the whole body of the Strelitzes. He roſe gradually through every rank and ſervice both by ſea and land ; and the many defeats which he received, eſpecially that from Charles XII. at Narva, ſeemed only to enlarge his ambition, and extend his ideas. The battles he loſt rendered him a conqueror upon the whole, by adding experience to his courage. The generous friendſhip he ſhewed to Auguſtus, king of Poland, both before and after he was dethroned by the king of Sweden, redounds greatly to his honour. He had no regard for rank diſtinct from merit ; and he at laſt married, by the name of Catharine, a young Lithuanian woman, who had been betrothed to a Swediſh ſoldier ; becauſe, after long cohabitation, he found her poſſeſſed of a ſoul formed to execute his plans, and to aſſiſt his counſels. Catharine was ſo much a ſtranger to her own country, that her huſband afterwards diſcovered her brother, who ſerved as a common ſoldier in his armies.

But military and naval triumphs, which ſucceeded one another after the battle of Pultowa with Charles XII, were not the chief glories of Peter's reign. He applied himſelf with equal aſſiduity, as I have already mentioned, to the cultivation of commerce, arts, and ſciences. As he had viſited England and Holland, in the early part of his reign, to acquire a knowledge of the uſeful arts, he made a journey into France, in 1717, in order to become acquainted with thoſe, which are more immediately connected with elegance. A number of ingenious artiſts, in every branch, allured by the proſpect of advantage, followed him from France, to ſettle in Ruſſia ; and, on his return to Peterſburg, he eſtabliſhed a board of trade, compoſed partly of natives, and partly of foreigners, in order that juſtice might be impartially adminiſtered to all. One Frenchman began a manufactory of fine glaſs, for mirrors ; another ſet up a loom for working curious tapeſtry, after the manner of the Gobelins ; and the third ſucceeded in the making of gold and ſilver lace. Linen cloth was made at Moſcow, equal in fineneſs to that of the Low Countries ; and the ſilks of Perſia were manufactured at Peterſburgh in as great perfection as at Iſpahan.

But Peter, after all his noble inſtitutions, and his liberal attempts to civilize his people, was himſelf no better than an enlightened barbarian. Inventive, bold, active, and indefatigable, he was formed for ſucceeding in the moſt difficult undertakings, and for conceiving the moſt magnificent deſigns ; but unfeeling, impatient, furious under the influence of paſſion, and a ſlave to his own arbitrary will, he was ſhamefully prodigal of the lives of his ſubjects, and never endeavored to combine their eaſe or happineſs with his glory and perſonal greatneſs. He ſeemed to conſider them as made ſolely for his, not he for their aggrandizement.

His ſavage ferocity and deſpotic ſeverity turned itſelf even againſt his own blood. Alexis, his only ſon, by his firſt wife, having led an unabandoned courſe of life, and diſcovered an inclination to obſtruct his favorite plan of civilization, he made him ſign in 1718, a ſolemn renunciation of his right to the crown ; and leſt that deed ſhould not prove ſufficient to exclude the czarowitz from the ſucceſſion, he aſſembled an extraordinary court, conſiſting of the principal nobility and clergy, who condemned that unhappy, tho' ſeemingly weak and diſſolute prince, to ſuffer death, but without preſcribing the manner in which it ſhould be inflicted. The event, however, took place, and ſuddenly.

Alexis was ſeized with ſtrong convulſions, and expired ſoon after the dreadful ſentence was announced to him ; but whether in conſequence of the ſurpriſe, occaſioned by ſuch alarming intelligence, or by other means, is uncertain. We only know, that Peter then had, by his beloved Catharine, an infant ſon, who bore his own name, and whom he deſigned for his ſucceſſor ; and as the birth of his ſon had probably accelerated the proſecution, and increaſed the ſeverity of the proceedings againſt Alexis, whom his father had before threatened to diſinherit, it is not impoſſible, but the friends of Catharine might haſten the death of the ſame prince, in order to ſave the court from the odium of his public execution, and the emperor from the excruciating reflections, which muſt have ſucceeded ſo awful a tranſaction.

After this event, Peter ordered his wife Catharine to be crowned with the ſame magnificent ceremonies, as if ſhe had been a Greek empreſs, and to be recognized as his ſucceſſor, which ſhe accordingly was, and mounted the Ruſſian throne upon the deceaſe of her huſband. She died after a glorious reign, in 1727, and was ſucceeded by Peter II, a minor, ſon to the Czarowitz.

HANOVER—Publiſhed every other Thurſday,
BY MOSES DAVIS.